



BELLE ARCHER.

Dear Hal:—
Thanksgiving week has come and gone, and, generally speaking, has left many people in really thankful moods—the theatre thankful that it had no competition; Mr. McGarvie thankful that the Bassett verdict was no worse; Mr. Bassett thankful to get out of town; Dippy Bell thankful for the novelty of a big moneyed house in the wilds of the inhospitable west, and the home opera people thankful for a sort of popular uprising of interest in their newest efforts. "The Chimes" and Mr. Bell have monopolized the week. The latter promises to reach a certain degree of fame through being the husband of Laura Joyce Bell. "The Hoosier Doctors" shows, to my fancy, are a little too big for him, though the feast his wife, himself and his admirable company gave us was such as to make it sound hypercritical to say so.

The opera company looks like a fixed institution, after the way the public has risen to the "Chimes" and from henceforth its moves are apt to be followed with a great deal more interest than in the past. The very circumstances of the work of preparing an opera, the expense of costuming, rehearsing, orchestrating, etc., and the impossibility of there being any adequate money compensation where so many are employed make it improbable that the company will ever appear often enough to render itself ordinary. But it is healthful and gratifying to see a purely home enterprise receive the encouragement this one has done, and both the company and the public have a right to feel proud of themselves. How refreshing it really is to gaze upon an aggregation of play folk who can sing a musical work as it is written, who beam with the freshness of cleanliness, and who present an opera, and not an exhibition of artists' models. There's a moral, Fear's soapiness about such a show that is positively exhilarating.

As for the individual workers in this bright cortege of amateurs, others have sounded their praises as loudly that my tribute is not needed. Still, I can't help saying that John Spencer is simply obtaining money under false

pretenses when he classes himself as an amateur; Louise Savage, too, has developed so much ease and daintiness in her style as to be entitled to the name of a genuinely clever little actress. Miss Fisher is a coming girl. What a pity her vocal studies were interrupted. That high B flat stormed the house every night and told of her undeveloped possibilities. Mr. Goddard has never sung a better song than the Marcie's Waltz Rondo. Why won't he die! Mr. Pyper was welcomed back with a warmth that must have commended itself to his voice, for certainly he never sang better, notably in his closing waltz song, and in the musical gem of the opera, the quintette. Mr. Campbell is a burlesque, embryonic genius, and the chorus people, while they didn't all know the words in both singing and action, and the latter especially, shot ahead of any similar body of workers this company has yet marshalled together.

MARGE.
DRAMATIC AND LYRIC.

There are few bigger money makers on the road than "In Old Kentucky," which has been seen in Salt Lake so often as almost to be a household word. It comes again on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and without doubt will share the old-time prosperity every one knows. Its scenes of truthful pictures of southern life have caught the fancy of play-goers wherever the play has been presented. It is a melodramatic spectacle of great splendor, and a complete new outfit of scenery has been gotten up for this tour. The four leading scenic artists in New York—Youngs, Marston, Emens and Voegtlin—were engaged for several months preparing the scenery. A great feature is made of the race, and it is a real race so far as it is possible to have one on the stage, the horses making a wild dash across the stage and under the wire in full view of the audience. A view of the famous Lexington race track is shown, with the grand stand filled with enthusiastic spectators, the bookmakers crying the odds and inciting the people to invest; the band stand, occupied by the pickaninny brass band of young darlings; the judges occupying their elevated box, and the multitude of hangers-on, always to be found at a race track. The paddock is also shown,

with the horses, jockeys, touts and other attendants, the weighing-in, the mount and the other bits of business common to such places.

The theatre last evening held a fourth big audience, and "The Chimes of Normandy," from all appearances, might have gone on ringing for two or three nights more without any diminution in the business. The opportunity of seeing such an elaborate operatic presentation for half a dollar evidently strikes a great many people in a decidedly favorable way. The encore were as pronounced as ever and the great chorus, Miss Savage, Miss Fisher, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Goddard, Mr. Pyper, Mr. Campbell and the others were most heartily appreciated. It is hard to see where a better cast could have been made up had all our wealth of amateur musical and dramatic talent been ransacked.

One of the most gratifying marks of recognition accorded the Salt Lake Opera company was the receipt of a letter from James A. Pinney, manager of the Boise City Opera house, offering the company 50 per cent of the receipts if it would put in two nights there. The offer was made through the Oregon Short Line, who also offered to book the company in Pocatello and Logan. The offer, generous as it was, had to be declined for the reason that Mr. Pinney asked a change of bill each night, and the company only has the "Chimes" in readiness. Besides that the occupations of the various members would not allow them to be absent so long a time from the city as the Idaho tour would consume. Should the company prepare another opera during the winter, however, the Boise excursion will doubtless be kept in mind. At the present time the only out of town performance booked is in Ogden a week from tomorrow night. The Provo and Logan dates are in some doubt, owing to satisfactory railroad arrangements not being completed.

The Grand Opera house will open for business next Friday and Saturday evenings, with a Saturday matinee, when the attraction will be Mr. John Griffith in the play of "Faust." Griffith was seen in the character of Mephisto at the theatre not long since, and he made a fair impression. His company is a good one and a quartette travels with it to furnish the necessary appropriate music. Prices will be the same as those usually in vogue at the Grand.

The dispatch in yesterday's papers relative to the troubles of the opera company in Chicago, playing in David Henderson's house, will be read with particular interest in the west, as it was the intention of this company to make a tour out this way in the immediate future. In fact it was booked to succeed the defunct stock company



"IN OLD KENTUCKY."



JOHN GRIFFITH AS "Mephisto"

at the Broadway in Denver, opening a week from tomorrow night, and among the principals of the company are Clara Lane, J. K. Murray, Hattie Arnold and Edgar Temple. The intention was to play a season of ten weeks in Denver.

A bundle of Chicago papers received yesterday, indicate that Howard Kyle is attracting some attention in that city. All the week he was play-

ing at the Schiller theatre, now under the management of W. A. Brady, and the papers state that the features of the performance were Phoebe Davies as leading lady, and Howard Kyle as her lover.

Among the keenest critics and most pleased observers of the work of the Salt Lake Opera company during the past week has been the young pianist and composer, Arthur Shephard. Dur-

ing the four years Mr. Shephard spent at the conservatory in Boston he was frequently called on to get as accompanist for the Castle Square Opera company, which played entire seasons of opera in Boston. Mr. Shephard states that the work of the Salt Lake Opera company on Thanksgiving night was simply amazing for an amateur company, and he says he has seen many worst first nights by professional people.

One of the most pathetic and interesting stories told of the late Edwin Booth is related in the Chicago News by Amy Leslie, who obtained it from Harry Davidson, an attaché of Booth's theatre. The story goes:

Mr. Booth was so stormily absorbed in a heroic sensitiveness upon the subject of his picturesque brother Wilkes' assassination of Abraham Lincoln that Wilkes' beloved name was never mentioned to his wounded relative. His pictures were all taken away from their favorite corners and walls, trinkets and gifts from him were hastily hidden and a constant brooding over the calamity settled upon Booth a ceaseless melancholy, most pitiful in its loneliness and passionate abandon. One night Mr. Booth asked Garry to see that the furnaces of the theatre were fired up anew along toward midnight, and that Garry alone should attend to the huge cauldrons of fire, dismissing the guards, the stokers and the firemen from their accustomed night watch. At midnight Mr. Booth ordered Garry to help carry a heavy trunk from Mr. Booth's private room to the blazing cave of ovens. Booth lending a tender hand to the lifting of the great load, Garry asked no questions, but silently obeyed orders, and when the glare from the furnace struck the trunk upon the end grew the worn letters, "J. W. B."

White as a statue, the haunted and adoring brother unlocked the shot man's iron-bound chest and told Garry to stand apart and not to touch an article within. Garry stood in the black shadows and watched the tender sufferer with firm white hands and tragic eyes take each garment of John Wilkes' piece by piece, and reverently put it upon the flaming coals, and watch it burn to a flame of scarlet-white. It must have been a sight bursting with symbol and mystery, triste as the Gathsemane night and awesome in its tragedy. The perfect face of Edwin Booth, white with true suffering and the outpour of a broken heart, his racked soul torn in silence and the great mood of sacrifice upon him, standing before that midnight volcano clinging into the furnace everything belonging to the misguided regicide, who lay in an unmarked grave. When Edwin came to the little dagger Macready had given to Junius Brutus Booth, who had in turn given it to Wilkes, Mr. Booth stood holding it and turning it over in his beautiful hand, big sobs rising between the roars of the mighty fires and tears raining over his marble countenance. First he put the little jeweled toy in a pocket next his heart, but after the last remnant of clothing, the last trinket and locket, last picture, ribbon and buckle of John Wilkes, Booth walked close up to the fire and threw the dagger into the core of it, then took an ax and split the trunk into kindling and burned every splinter of the chest in silence, in reverence, with the unconscious dramatic splendor of martyrdom.

The Lyceum has made a cut in its prices, and will hereafter be known as a 10, 20 and 25-cent house. For the coming week Manager Maltese announces a vaudeville show, made up of people from the Orpheum in San Francisco.

Anecdotes and reminiscences of the late Mrs. John Drew are filling the eastern papers. An amusing one is told in the St. Louis Republic:

During the old stock company days, now about to be revived, Matt Snyder was a prominent performer. He was well liked and popular. His line was that of "walking gentleman." One

night he came on the stage somewhat the worse for having pandered to his thirst too much. Mrs. John Drew, who was then the manager of the theatre, in which he was engaged, said to him, after the performance: "Mr. Snyder, I am surprised."

"So am I," said he, "that I did so well."

But next morning at rehearsal, finding that Mrs. Drew was still angry with him, Matt endeavored to set matters right by a little strategic flattery. Approaching the "only Mrs. Teasle," he said: "I have been thinking about what we would do next season, and it occurred to me if we could bring out that play, 'Pauline, the Foundling of Paris,' it would be a grand success. You remember what a magnificent part you made of your character. I don't believe there is another woman on the stage could do it so well." The subtle flattery failed to prove an antidote to the lady's resentment, for, looking at Snyder coldly, Mrs. Drew said: "I don't know that we will be together next season, Mr. Snyder."

Nothing daunted—and nothing could daunt the imperturbable Snyder said: "Matt replied in a surprised voice, calling Mrs. Drew by her Christian name. 'My God, Louisa! you're not going to leave us?'"

Mrs. Drew laughed at the impudence, Matt was in the company next season, and "Pauline" was not produced.

At the Grand theatre on Dec. 10 and 11 the Salt Lake Dramatic company will give its first performance of the play "Harvest." The play is full of beautiful situations, and is a grand moral lesson, for, looking at Snyder, which a man soweth that shall he also reap." The sparkling wit of Nora, the Irish girl, is a good background for the more sombre characters. Features of this production are an Irish Snyder, several songs and a chorus of mixed voices. The stage work is in the hands of Miss Ruth Eldredge. The cast is as follows:

Noel Musgrave.....Charles W. Meakin
Brenda Musgrave.....Ethel B. Ferguson
Roy Marston (an artist).....
Colonel Transier (a cynic).....Robert B. Rogers
.....Chester W. Ames
Lettice Vane.....Annie Calder
Bevil Brooker (an Englishman).....
.....Mr. Alfred Swenson
Nora (an Irish lady).....Alice Calder
Miss McCleod (companion to Miss Vane).....Ella Ermy

Santa Claus can be seen in all his glory at Madison's furniture store, this evening. (Come and see him.)

We are Sole
Agents for

FOSTER'S LADIES' SHOES

Special department exclusively for Fancy Warm Slippers, Carriage Boots. All colors Kid Slippers,

\$1.50 to \$3.50 a pair.

DAVIS SHOE CO.,

222 and 224 Main St.

GRAND OPENING OF HOLIDAY GOODS And Advance Sale of Holiday Handkerchiefs.

Yourself and friends are cordially invited to attend this Opening. As usual, we have prepared a magnificent display in rich and exclusive novelties for the Holiday Season.



Advance Sale of Holiday Handkerchiefs begins tomorrow morning. Don't stay away and don't wait too long; they'll not last long at these prices.

SPECIAL NO. 1 AT 15c.



100 Dozen Ladies' pure White Embroidered Handkerchiefs, in new and exclusive patterns, worth 35c. They are yours for tomorrow, and while they last at.....15c. each

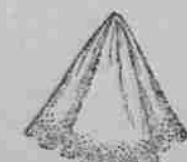
SPECIAL NO. 2 AT 23c.



100 Dozen Ladies' fine quality pure white Embroidered Handkerchiefs. This lot is a well selected line and cannot be sold elsewhere for less than from 40c. to 50c. They all go in this sale at.....

23c. each

SPECIAL NO. 3 AT 63c.



50 Dozen Ladies' all pure Linen Embroidered Handkerchiefs, worth from 75c. to \$1.50 each. They are yours for tomorrow and while they last at.....

63c. each

10 Big Special Holiday Handkerchief Bargains, every one a mighty, matchless bargain. READ THIS LIST AND SAVE MONEY.

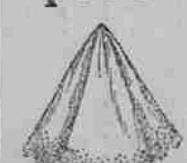
SPECIAL NO. 3 AT 33c.



75 Dozen Ladies' all pure Linen White exquisite Embroidered Handkerchiefs, all new and beautiful patterns, manufactured exclusively for us. These we never sold for less than 75c. You can get them here tomorrow and while they last at....

33c. each

Special No. 5 at 25c. box.



500 Boxes Children's Colored Border Initial Handkerchiefs in a beautiful box; makes a beautiful and useful present for a child. They are actually worth 50c., but they are yours for tomorrow and while they last at

25c. box

Special No. 6 at \$1.83 box



200 Boxes Ladies' all pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 6 Handkerchiefs in a box, sold by our competitors at \$2.25. Buy them now and save money at....

\$1.83 box

SPECIAL NO. 7 AT 46c.



75 Dozen Men's pure Silk Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, real value 75c. You get them here tomorrow and while they last at.....

46c. each

SPECIAL NO. 8 AT 47c.



65 Dozen Men's pure Silk Hemstitched Initial Handkerchiefs, real value 80c. They are yours while they last at.....

47c. each

SPECIAL NO. 9 AT 25c.



100 Dozen Men's pure Silk Hemstitched plain, and Initial Handkerchiefs, real value 50c. All go in this sale at.....

25c. each

SPECIAL NO. 10 AT 58c.



35 Dozen Men's Silk Mufflers, cream color. What is nicer than a beautiful Silk Muffler to make a present with to your best fellow? These are actually worth \$1.00, but you can buy them now and save money at.....

58c. each